

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE

BARRIE has a phrase in "Peter Pan" about "the awfully big adventure" of death. But whatever kind of adventure that may mean and what are the new lands of which it may prove to be the frontier, death can scarcely be a bigger adventure than life here and now. When one considers the fresh elements which are continually coming into experience, the constant surprises, the unexpected factors which have to be dealt with, it is the sense of never-ending adventure which possesses the mind. Beneath the most commonplace life there is that stimulus. Life seems to mean the same from day to day to a vast number of people, but, as a matter of fact, there is adventure in every lot. No one needs to go long journeys in order to find it: it comes unbidden and unsought. It was that sense of the changes and surprises that come to everyone which led to the old confession that we are "strangers and pilgrims" in this world.

Now in this changing scene what part does our religion play? Does it act as a counteracting influence to the adventurous elements in life? Many of the phrases we use to describe it would seem to convey that impression. We speak of faith as an anchor; we talk of religion as being a harbor of refuge for the soul; we recount among its many blessings the gifts of peace and rest. All these phrases may be taken to mean that religion is the end of all adventure, because the soul which believes has come to an end of its restless journeyings and has safely reached the goal. But such an impression would be entirely wrong. God is a refuge, but He is strength as well: there is rest in Christ—the most wonderful rest that the soul can ever find—but the Christ Who promises and gives such rest is the same Christ Who calls us to follow Him along His heroic pathway. Religion is only seen in its fullness when these two different elements are combined in all our thoughts about it. It is not a tame spirit which clings to the skirts of God and

seeks for shelter and protection—it is the spirit which, because it trusts in God, dares to face all the storms of life. It is not selfish absorption in the joys of the future, but a courageous adventure to help in the tasks of the present.

Yet while I say it is one thing and not the other, it is really both combined. The most striking testimony of Christian history is given to the fact that it is the men and women who have least sought shelter who in the end have found it most certainly, and that it is those who have gone out into the darkness and loneliness of heroic enterprises who have found in all its wonder the nearness of God. A tame and timid spirit can never make the greatest of all discoveries. God gives most to those from whom He claims most. The witnesses of faith are those who were "sawn asunder, were slain with the sword, were afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." They received not the Promises, which is only another way of saying that they died with their adventure unfinished. We are not called, perhaps, to do work like theirs; but, nevertheless, for all of us the Christian life is still set to the note of adventure. Let me go on to say how that adventure appeals to me.

In my experience faith itself is an adventure. It is never a finished thing in this life. For the perfection of faith we have to wait until the day when all the shadowed mysteries of life have been scattered. In a world like this those mysteries remain and often they fall like dark shadows across our path. We can never say that we have a finished faith. There is always a conflict with doubt and mistrust which everyone has to fight out for himself. Donald Hankey meant this when in those dark days of the War he defined faith as "betting one's life there is a God." In other words, faith is always a hazard, but it is a hazard which is more than a mere guess. A man has to stake his whole life upon it. It is not just throwing one's mental weight on one side of the balance. Behind the hazard there has to be a spirit of resolution which determines to live by

something which is never capable of complete proof or demonstration. William James emphasized this when he spoke of the place of will in belief. A man has to throw all the weight of his will on the side of faith, to cling to the noblest interpretation of things when life is suggesting the lower, to hold on to the thought of the Divine purpose and plan when circumstances seem to say that everything is at the mercy of chance or blind fate. Faith is the deliberate and persistent choice of the higher in the presence of the lower, and courage is needed to maintain that attitude through all the days of life.

I think of some souls who, with pain and illness dogging their steps constantly, lose neither heart nor hope, but face life with an undaunted spirit. "*Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him*" is the spirit of their venture. The world which never sees more than one side of the picture may think their attitude is one of timid and placid resignation. The world does not see the fight which goes on unceasingly in their souls—the daily courage which is needed to help them to face the battle again. It is adventure all the way, and only the souls who pay the full price of it reach the highest reward. Just as any real achievement in Art and Literature is only won at the cost of constant discipline and struggle with the little limitations and imperfections faced and fought, so faith is given to those who adventure with it in the great campaign of life. And the more it is adventured with the more it grows. Allow it to remain as a mere form of words to which we give the profession of our lips and it produces nothing. Do nothing with it and it will do nothing for you. That is the reason why faith fails and ultimately, I believe, it is the only reason. When we are slack and indifferent it is not to be wondered at that the light of faith should grow dim and we should come to think that it makes little difference. The great assurance only comes as the result of the great adventure.

Now what is true of faith is equally true of that aspect of the Christian life which we call service. All the really fruitful adventures of history can be classed under that heading. It is the men and women who have lived for something larger than personal gain who have made the story of man one long romance. Looking back, one can mark the onward stage of this adventure we call human progress. What is it which makes progress possible? There is no law which ordains that the world shall go on getting better. Progress is not a flowing stream which bears us all along willy-nilly. It is a struggle which has to be fought for inch by inch. Truth does not come to light by any automatic process. It is the fruit of man's toil and study. The man who first announces a new truth has often to face the scorn and derision of his fellows, and perhaps worse still, their active opposition and persecution.

This is not only the case in religion, but in every other aspect of life as well; for the world does not want to be disturbed. It prefers to cling to its old ways. So there are martyrs and pioneers in every aspect of human activity, and it is these, the noblest of men, who mark out the path of advance for their fellows. In just the same way the improvement in human habits and customs is a never-ceasing struggle. Take a comparatively recent instance. It was not so long ago since human slavery was an accepted fact of the social order. Men quoted Scripture in its defence, and they held to it to be a necessary part of the social structure. But to the souls of a few it appeared in a different guise. To them it seemed like an awful disease which must be cut out of the body politic at any cost if there were to be any health and soundness. They fought resistlessly against it. Nothing could daunt them and nothing could turn them back. They had seen the vision and they knew no rest until it had been realized. To-day anyone advocating a return to slavery would be thought a lunatic; but little more than a century ago it was the men who talked of abolishing it who were regarded in that light. What has made that tremendous difference in the thought of the world? Under God it is the men and women who took their lonely stand who have lifted the world's thought on to a new plane. What an adventure it has been to make men take a larger view of their relationship to their fellows!

That story is not ended yet. There are evils which burden the life of the world still and which make for misery and wretchedness. One could easily name some of them, but they need no naming—they are apparent to everyone. There were glorious campaigns of freedom in the past, but there are equally glorious campaigns which call on us for enlistment and loyalty.

This has been written in vain if the conviction has not been born within that the call of Christ to the establishment of His Kingdom is the most wonderful of enterprises asking us for vision and daring. The vision of the Kingdom is the greatest dream in the world; but it is infinitely more than a dream. It is a plan, a summons, a clarion call. And Christ is always asking for adventurous souls to serve Him.

—Dr. Sidney M. Berry.

THE praise received for the efforts of the day, the blame bestowed upon its mistakes and failures, may both be laid at the Master's feet when the day closes. He alone understands all, and His commendation or pardon will quiet the soul and leave it in peace and hope.

HE who cannot forgive another, breaks the bridge over which he himself must cross.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Spiced Prunes.—1 pound prunes, washed and soaked, 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons mild vinegar, 1 4-inch piece of stick cinnamon, 6 cloves, 6 allspice, 1 blade of mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Mix and cook covered until prunes are plump and tender. Drain and reduce syrup by boiling 10 minutes, then pour over prunes.

Hamburg Steak.—1 pound hamburg steak, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup moist crumbs, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 egg. Mix and form into flat cakes. Broil 8 minutes, then set in oven 7 minutes, and spread with butter.

Squash Biscuit.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted squash, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cake compressed yeast. Flour to make a soft dough. Mix in first six ingredients. Add yeast dissolved in a little of the water and flour to make a soft dough. Let rise. Knead and shape into biscuits. Let rise, and bake 30 minutes at 425° F.

French Pancakes.—2 eggs (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, pinch of salt, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk. To eggs add dry ingredients mixed together, then add milk. Pour on hot griddle a small amount of batter to make a thin layer. Turn with spatula.

Sour Milk Waffles.—1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups pastry flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sour milk, yolks of two eggs, 2 teaspoons melted butter, whites of two eggs, beaten stiffly.

Jelly Omelette.—4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons hot water, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Mix sugar, salt and flour with hot water and add to yolks. Add butter and mix thoroughly. Beat whites stiff and fold into yolks. Drop by spoonfuls in waffle iron sections and bake two minutes. Remove from iron, spread with jam, jelly or marmalade, and roll.

HANDY HINTS

To remove grease spots from the kitchen floor, apply alcohol, or wood alcohol, to the spots, and they will quickly vanish. For an unpainted floor, try a liberal dose of kerosene; this will evaporate and take the grease with it.

When boiling potatoes for mashing, slice them as for French fried instead of leaving them whole or cut in half, and you will save much time and fuel.

When preparing potatoes for boiling, instead of peeling the whole potato, just peel a narrow strip entirely around the middle of each lengthwise. When cooked the skins will slip off easily.

When making hems, cut a piece of cardboard the exact width of the hem and about six inches

long, and use as a marker; start the hem, insert the card and slip it along as you work; this insures hems of exact width and saves time.

To draw threads in hemstitching easily, scrub them with a wet brush, which has been rubbed over a bar of soap.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

(MATERNA)

Written for the Charles W. Wendte Chapter of the Unitarian Layman's League, Oakland, California.

I

THE secret of a happy life
Is an industrious hand;
Which gladness finds in earnest work
For noble purpose planned.
It leaves no time for idle fears,
Thoughts morbid or depressed,
But cheerfully it does its part
And leaves to Heaven the rest.

II

The secret of a happy life
Lies in an honest mind;
Sincere in speech, upright in deed,
And just to all its kind.
Forever loyal to the truth,
By reason's light descried;
Nor wealth nor honors it can tempt
From righteousness aside.

III

The secret of a happy life
Is in a loving heart
Whose good-will flows to all its kind,
To all would joy impart.
It shares in others weal or woe;
Is not with self engrossed.
The richest and the happiest heart
Is his who loves the most.

IV

The secret of a happy life
Is a believing soul
Serenely trusting in the Power
Which animates the whole.
On earnest, upright, loving lives
Heaven's choicest blessing fall;
The thought of God within the soul
Their crowning joy of all.

—Charles W Wendte.

Nor long ago Deacon Miller bought a horse and buggy and took his wife out one Sunday for a drive. They came to the neighboring town of York and saw a sign which read, "Speed limit 15 miles an hour."

"Here, Ma," said the deacon excitedly, "you take the lines and drive, and I'll use the whip and maybe we can make it."—*Life*.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Margaret Amos, Lawsonville, N. C., c/o R. C. Hill, is a young married woman, living on a farm far from town. She asks for a cook book and a few flower seeds or bulbs, and would also appreciate quilt pieces and something good to read.

2. From a lonely housewife, in the mountains of Virginia, comes the request for something to read for husband and self, and pictures to amuse little eight-year-old daughter; quilt pieces would also help to pass the long winter evenings. The monthly visits of the little *Cheerful Letter* magazine are always a joy. Mrs. Lena Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

3. Mrs. Carl Sexton, Edison, N. C., is eighteen, and planning to go housekeeping soon. She would like to correspond with someone, and would appreciate a good magazine and quilt pieces.

4. Papers or magazines would be gladly received by Mrs. Doskey Couch, Archey, Ark., who lives twelve miles from town, in a mountain home. She gets very lonesome.

5. Mrs. Bettie Sexton, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2, Box 102, thanks all who have remembered her, and asks for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for her daughter.

6. Mrs. Grace Plemmons, Fellico Plains, Tenn., asks if someone would send her *Woman's*

Home Companion or *American Magazine*, and thanks all who remembered her when she was living in Conasauga, Tenn.

7. I do enjoy getting a letter! I am a little maid, helping Father and Mother, who live on a farm. I like to sew quilts and embroider, and would be so thankful for a correspondent. Miss Zelda Parkhill, Slaton, Texas, R. 1, Box 72.

8. My home was in Epperson, Tenn. We moved here three years ago. I would be very glad to receive books or magazines suitable for my boys, age 10 to 15 years; also drawing paper and water colors for my 19-year-old daughter, who is deaf. I miss my *Cheerful Letter* friends of other years, and would appreciate any kind of reading. Mrs. D. R. Snell, 525 Martin Street, Harlan, Ky.

9. Can anyone send any of the following list of books to Mrs. John A. Garriss, Society Hill, S. C., R. 3: "Consumption—Its Prevention and Cure," C. H. Davis, M.D.; "America's Stake in the Far East," C. H. Fako; "The Law and the Word," Thomas Troward; "Edenside," Mrs. George Cupples; "With South Sea Folks," Crosby; "How to Teach the Life of Christ," Hugh Kerr, D.D.; "How to Study the Bible," Torrey?

10. Mrs. W. M. Datson, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn., would like to receive James Freeman Clarke's "The Christian Doctrine at Prayers," and "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll."

11. Could someone send "Brewster's Millions" or "Graustark" to Mrs. Jane M. Blackburn, Glouster, Ohio?

12. Mrs. Thomas C. Drummond, R. 1, Box 28, Sandiges, Va., asks for *Pictorial Review*, or a similar magazine; a good book, once in a while; and her husband enjoys *Outlook* better than any other magazine.

13. I will be so glad if someone will send current numbers of magazines, or books suitable for my girls, ages 14 and 8, and a boy of 11. I would also like to have scraps of linen, either white or colored. I appreciate past favors so very much, and thank all who have remembered me. The *Cheerful Letter* friends surely have the right name. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Amherst, Va., R. F. D. 3.

14. Request number 14 in September *Cheerful Letter* wishes to see her grateful thanks printed. Her health doesn't improve, but the packets received brought much happiness and cheer into her lonely days.

15. I have been a member of the *Cheerful Letter* for a number of years, but have not received any literature for more than two years. I have not asked for it in that time because I was living with my sister, who was constantly getting it, for which we were very grateful. She died on July 28. I am now writing to ask for "A Book of Narratives," by Campbell and Rice, and I would be glad to get the *American Magazine*, if anyone can pass it on to me after they have read it. Any good magazine would be appreciated. I sincerely thank you for any favors extended. Miss Mary H. Taylor, 630 Tennessee Street, Salem, Va.

16. Mrs. Louise Wilmer, Gilbert, Buena Vista, Va., a daughter of Mrs. J. T. Wilmer, who has been on the *Cheerful Letter* list for many years, asks for reading and quilt pieces. She writes "Any magazine you can send would be thankfully received."

17. I am 49 years old. My children are all married. I get very lonely. I would appreciate a good book or magazine, quilt pieces and a correspondent. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lawsonville, N. C.

18. Mrs. Minnie J. Davis, Maysville, Ky., R. F. D. 2, wishes to thank all who have sent her reading matter, for it has helped all the family, and she would like some quilt pieces, please. "Yours is a wonderful work."

19. It has been a long time since I have asked for reading. I enjoy reading, and wish I might have a few good books of fiction. I shall be glad to pass on to others anything sent me, either books or magazines. Mrs. Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Va.

20. Mrs. Angie Banks, Athlone, N. C., would like woolen or gingham pieces, and bits of thread for herself and mother. They get very lonesome during the long winter evenings, as they live in

an out-of-the-way place, and do not see many people.

21. Mrs. Effie Anderson, Dunmore, Pa., R. 1, Lancaster Co., sends thanks and best wishes to her *Cheerful Letter* friends, and would like some reading and embroidery. She is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and cannot get out during the long winter days.

22. I want to thank all of the good *Cheerful Letter* friends who have responded to my printed requests. I take this way to thank each and every one for their kindness to me. Mrs. Olan Godfrey, Rupert, Ark.

SPECIAL REQUEST

If you own the book, "The Hour That Cometh," by James Freeman Clarke, and are willing to part with it, please notify the Chairman of the Book and Magazine Club, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUAL WIRELESS CALLS

THE mighty vessel was in mid-ocean when one of the passengers was taken desperately ill. The ship's surgeon was called and did everything in his power to relieve the woman's sufferings, but to no avail. When the first paroxysm of pain had passed she said that her trouble seemed like the return of the symptoms of a former malady, and that her family physician always was very successful in combating the attacks. As rapidly as possible the wireless apparatus, with which the vessel was equipped, got into communication with this physician in New York City and, in a surprisingly short time, his prescription was received through the air.

As marvelous as is the working of wireless telegraphy the simple prayer of one of God's dear children is more powerful. Hundreds of years before such modern communication was even thought of, the Psalmist said (Chapter 34: 17), "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles." The great Physician has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee" (Psalm 50: 15). Is it that we forget God's promise, or do we not trust him?—Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Chaplain-in-Chief, United Spanish War Veterans, Baltimore.

THE jury had been out on the case all morning and was still undecided. The vote stood eleven to one for acquittal, but one old codger stubbornly held out for a verdict of guilty.

The sheriff came in at dinner time and inquired what they would have to eat.

"Wa-a-all," said the foreman, disgustedly, "you kin bring us eleven dinners." Then he added, reflectively, "And a bale of hay."—From the *Montreal Gazette*.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

WE hope every child within reach of the radio is listening to the musical programs of Walter Damrosch, broadcast over WJZ and a great network of stations throughout the country each Friday morning at 11 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Thousands of letters received by the National Broadcasting Company tell of radio sets borrowed for schools, bought with teachers' savings, or built by students, to enable the school children to enjoy this rare opportunity. Parent-Teacher Associations supply local schools, and dealers coöperate by loaning instruments. Classes are taken to homes with radios to "listen-in" when other means fail. One school raised funds to buy a set with a "Chocolate Sale."

A child wrote Mr. Damrosch that she did not wish to go to school on Friday, as it had no radio, but that a dealer loaned one, and "That was seventh heaven." Another in Minneapolis said, "We went over to our teacher's house and sat on the floor. We liked what you said about your stick." (Mr. Damrosch told the history of the conductor's baton.) "We can't see that stick go, but we can feel it. Your program was on our music lesson. We wish we could hear your music every day."—*New York Times*.

The Child Study Association of America is doing a great deal for children through the education of "parents." High School courses in parenthood are now given, and colleges have courses for mothers and fathers, and leaders of study groups are conducted under the auspices of churches, schools, or college alumnae, social service and parent-teacher associations. The magazine, *Child Study*, will be found helpful to all in charge of children.

Parents with child study training show a strong desire to understand the child, seeking a knowledge of child nature and the habit of close observation. Children now are treated not like little men and women, but as growing organisms, with constantly changing needs. It is wise for parents and teachers to keep just one step ahead, so as to be in readiness for the next jump, able to meet each crisis intelligently. One who knows the different stages of development will not demand too much or too little from a child. If the natural activities of children are constantly checked to please adults, they are seriously injured in growth and general development, the nervous system being especially affected.

This does not mean that lawless or inconsiderate conduct is to be encouraged; the middle course must be found and followed. A mother possessed of understanding of child nature (and her own as well) meets trying situations with increased patience and confidence. Children of "trained parents" are said to be more self-reliant,

and better able to govern themselves than those of the untrained. They have more initiative, better health, and are more courteous and fearless—the results for which the trained parents strive.

LOWER GAS BILLS IF YOU WATCH THE STOVE

At this time of the year, when more gas is used for heating, lighting and cooking than in summer, it is wise to watch our "steps" and bills! The New York State Committee on Public Utility Information gives the following reasons for large gas bills.

1. Because the giant burner on the range is used when a smaller one would do.

2. Because two burners are lighted together and one kept burning for some time before the food is ready to be cooked on it.

3. Because the food is taken off the stove and the burner is left lighted.

4. Because the gas oven is used to heat the kitchen and dry damp clothes.

5. Because a worn-out range is used, with burners out of adjustment.

6. Because food and water are permitted to boil furiously, although they would cook as fast with the burner turned down.

7. Because burners are not kept clean.

8. Because cooking utensils larger than are needed are used.

9. Because open vessels are used, consuming five times as much gas as closed vessels.

10. Because the gas flame is not protected from side-drafts.

11. Because a gallon of water is heated when only a pint is needed.

12. Because violent boiling with the lid on, and the gas on full, consumes about nine times as much gas as will maintain gentle boiling.

Because for gentle boiling, five times as much gas is used when the lid is off as when it is on.

We might add that pots with narrow bases take longer to heat contents than those spreading to cover well the flame, and that lack of watchful care to keep knobs, joints and burners tight, causes waste of gas through dangerous leakage, gas poisoning being the frequent cause of sore throats and other ills.

The titles of lectures being given under the direction of the Parent Teacher's Association of New York City, this winter, makes us wish we might attend every one, and sets us thinking of the value and purpose of Education—what it is, in fact. Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College says it is "Personal Experience," and perhaps that is as good a general definition as may be found. Here are the six subjects chosen:

PARENTAL PROBLEMS IN EDUCATION

"Education for What?" (Necessity and Reasons for Education.)

"Education for Vocation" (Special Training for Special Work).

"Education for Public Service" (Fitting the Child to Take His Place in Public Affairs).

"Education for Big Business" (What the Corporations Expect of the Schools).

"The Place of Creative Arts in Education" (The Need of a Cultural Background).

"Education for Character" (The Foundation of Life).

They have failed to include "Education for Leisure," which seems to us perhaps the most essential need at the present time. At any rate, it seems the greatest lack in the youth of today—occupation and amusement in free time all coming from without, and dependent upon material things, instead of coming from within, as they should.

LAURA R. DONNELL.

THE WAYFARERS

TIME was, long since, when Happiness and I
Might never share the highway side by side,
Save only when from out a cloudless sky
The sun streamed clear across the moorland
wide.

No stone might mar the roadway's powdered
gold,

No dark-winged storm cloud hover in the west,
No brier catch the passing garment's fold,

No footpath dare a hardly ventured crest.
Ah, then, perhaps along the rose-fringed way,
when all was summer sweet and fair to see,
I might cajole my Happiness astray, to turn and
stroll a sunny mile with me.

I know not how or when we comrades grew,
That, faring through the countryside, we
learned

That storm clouds blotted darkly to the view
To clearer, dearer sunsets golden-burned;
That daggered thorns hem round the roses'
breath;

That velvet roadways clog the faring feet;
And at each inn of Life and Love and Death,

The flagon's vintage mingles, bittersweet.
I only know the skies may brood with storm, the
weary road be stony and untried,

Yet through the dark I feel her handclasp warm,
and know that Happiness is close beside.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

A YOUNG woman approached the window of a
paying teller and gave him a large check to cash.
"How do you wish the money?" the teller
inquired.

"Oh," she replied in some confusion, "I'll just
hold out my hand, and you can put the money in
it."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S ALABASTER BOXES

WE read so much of doing odorous deeds, that
I am inclined to discuss the other side: drawing
forth odorous deeds from others. The old story
of the echo, "Speak pleasantly and you will
receive a pleasant reply; speak angrily and you
will receive an angry response," is by no means
a fallacy. To a great extent we see our own
being reflected in those around us. It is easy to
detect seeming discourtesy and selfishness; but
it is not an agreeable thought that our friends
may be mirroring our deformities. "Things
are not always what they seem." There is a
great deal of "own coin" in this world, even where
no retaliation is intended. Admitting that all
do not receive their "just desert," still we must
admit that this is the exception. We receive
what we call forth. "We reap what we sow."
... "If a man can write a better book, preach
a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap
than his neighbor, though he builds his house
in the woods, the world will make a beaten path
to his door"; and if we have within us traits
which tend to help and elevate humanity, our
fellow creatures will find us out. Real worth
is seldom, if ever, entirely overlooked; and
Christ-likeness, as in the days of Mary of
Bethany, calls for the alabaster box. If life,
for us, has become "not I, but Christ," the dear
Lord will receive His "spikenard" even through
an "earthen vessel." When self is obliterated,
the boxes will be broken. Christ within, draws
forth spiritual odors from souls touched with the
"unction of the Holy One." Self repels; but
Christ calls forth—What is our condition?
Is Christ enthroned within? Does his gentle
voice speak through our lips? Are we unselfish
and bearing, sympathetic, patient, loving?
What kind of an atmosphere do we create around
us? (Our complaints are often a criticism on
our own conduct.) Alabaster boxes are many
and various. A word, a deed, a thought, a
smile, or a tear, may be the alabaster box of
spikenard for which the soul hungers. Did
you ever raise timid, yearning eyes to those of a
friend, and see there the tears you had left un-
shed? That was an alabaster box! Did you
ever experience the consolation of silent, under-
standing, loving condolence. That was an
alabaster box. A sweet song, singing you into
restfulness; a tender letter from an absent friend;
a soothing book; a poem; a dainty flower; all
these are alabaster boxes. The homely services
of everyday life teem with these heavenly bless-
ings. "Freely ye have received, freely give."
Call forth and give forth boxes of eternal fra-
grance; and this shall "be told as a memorial
of you" in heaven.—*Alice G. Howard, in "The
Gideon."*

JANUARY IN HISTORY AND LEGEND

THE portal which swings wide to let the old year out and the new year in, January, the most poetically named of all the months. One of the most perfect images framed by the old Romans to incarnate the ceaseless pageant of the seasons—this idea of Janus with his two faces, one looking backward, the other forward. Originally, in prehistoric times he was the custodian of the rising and the setting sun; so he became the ward-en of the gates of the heavens through which the blazing orb of day passed. Then he became the guardian of all gates and doors and many temples were built in his honor.

Quite fittingly, then, even in the legendary days of ancient Rome, the first month was called after the guardian of all portals. Throughout his month the Latins celebrated rites in his honor, with the giving of presents and general rejoicing, just as in Latin countries today. Moreover, their apprehension of the new year's opportunity took a more practical form than the framing of resolutions: all litigation and strife were suspended; differences between friends were reconciled; and on New Year's Day each word and act were so ordered as to be a happy augury for all the days to follow.

In the more rigorous climate of England the associations of old Janus' month are much less poetic. Beauty of symbolism gives way to practical description of the daily effort to keep cheerful and vigorous in the face of freezing winds. One of the quaintest pictures of January scenes is preserved in the sketch of the genial Elizabethan, Nicholas Breton:

"It is now January, and time begins to turn the wheel of his revolution. The woods begin to lose the beauty of their spreading boughs, and the proud oak must stoop to the axe. The squirrel now surveyeth the nut and the maple, and the hedgehog rolls up himself like a football. . . . Down beds and quilted caps are now in the pride of their service, and the cook and the panneler are men of no mean office. . . . Fishermen now have a cold trade and travelers a foul journey. The cook room now is not the worst place in the ship, and the shepherd hath a bleak seat on the mountain. . . . The load-horse to the mill hath his full back-burden, and the threshers in the barn tries the strength of his flail."

As the poetic counterpart of this graphic and suggestive outline we should not forget Spenser's description in his pageant of the months:

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds.

As both of these pictures remind us, this month demands of men something more than comfortable hibernation by the open fire. There

is work to be done even with the cold hard soil. The old proverb says,

Who in Janiveer sows oats,
Gets gold and groats;
Who sows in May
Gets little that way.

So the experience of numberless generations evolved a recognition of the disastrous consequences of delay in preparing for the spring. A manuscript of the eleventh century shows an admirable drawing of three men plowing deep into the ground which is so hard as to require four oxen straining in the harness.

Seasonable weather in January, no matter how severe, has always been philosophically accepted. A deceptive warm spell, raising false expectations, became formulated as a warning. According to the old saw,

If the grass grow in Janiveer
It grows the worse for 't all the year.

But some human longing for a happy augury which should forecast fair weather to come, was universal throughout Europe during the Middle Ages. The 25th of the month became a meteorological test, as indicated in the proverb,

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then betides a happy year.

This is a bit of harmless fatalism applied merely to the weather.

A more practical means of insuring a happy new year was the old Roman custom not only of exchanging presents and formal expressions of good will, but of actually establishing friendly relations with all men. If the spirit of peace could be maintained in the months to follow they knew that the vagaries of the weather would matter little.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

A PASSENGER on a Southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan, and summoned a porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment. "Well, if dat don't beat all!" he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened!"—*Exchange*.

LITTLE Tommie was so bad that his mother at last said she would have to spank him. "Please, Ma, may I pray first?" She, of course, consented, and the little fellow kneeled down and said, "O Lord, if you are ever going to help me, now's your time. Amen."

LITTLE Emily had been to church for the first time. Her grandmother asked her if she had been a good girl.

"Yes, Grandma," she said. "A man even offered me a plate full of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"

AN AMERICAN "KING TUT'S TOMB"

HE has been dubbed "King X" by the explorers who discovered his mausoleum in Central America—Messrs. Frans Blom and Oliver La Farge, who have just returned to this country, we read, bringing with them a pure-blooded descendant of the ancient Maya Indians. The Maya civilization was at its height in Mexico and Guatemala sixteen hundred years ago. This rare visitor, known as Tata the Medicine Man, whose Spanish name is Lazaro Hernandez, is expected, we learn from the *New Orleans Item*, "to divulge the secret customs and rites of his famous ancestors" for, "among his tribe he is respected for his so-called supernatural powers of curing and causing ills." The explorers picked him up at Macuspana, and he "proved a god-send. He took care of the horses, soon became an adept at cleaning old monuments for photographing, and was a true friend and excellent companion."

Severe hardships are recounted as having been endured by the explorers, who constituted "the first Tulane Middle American Expedition," but they feel themselves richly rewarded, we are told, by the fruits of their work, particularly the discovery of the tomb of the unknown "King X" in a group of mounds at Vaxactum. There, too, they found "the first real astronomical observatory of the old Mayas to be unearthed." We read:

The tomb of "King X" was found in the main mound. It consisted of a small room, nine feet long and seven feet wide. The explorers entered by the roof, which had caved in. Four square pillars were still standing upright on the floor. These, Mr. Blom believes, must have supported a small wooden table on which the body of the King, clothed in his finest ceremonial garments, lay. A number of human bones littered the floor about the pillars. More than 300 perforated seashells, punctured at the ends with painstaking care as if to form a necklace, were scattered among the bones.

The most important discovery in the tomb, however, rested on the north, south and east walls. Large blocks of hieroglyphs were inscribed on each, and each bore perfect portraits of three men molded in stucco relief. On the east wall the figures were slightly better executed than on the others. Evidently the figure in the center was that of the dead King, and the others those of the highest of the high priests. The sun, entering from the open wall on the west, cast its dull glow on the face of the ruler's portrait late in the afternoon. It was at this hour, undoubtedly, that the burial ceremony took place. The Maya rulers had their tombs prepared many years in advance of their deaths.

The faces of the figures and their headdresses

had been carefully molded. The state of preservation was almost perfect.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Blom, "that here we have found nine stucco portraits so far unparalleled in Maya research. They are without a doubt the most beautiful examples of Maya portrait art ever found."

The Tulane explorers attempted to guard the tomb until the local and Federal authorities could take steps to protect it against vandals. The next morning, however, they found that Mexican children can be as destructive as their American brothers and sisters. Some urchins had entered the tomb and amused themselves by hurling mud balls and stones at the figures on the walls. The scientists repaired the damage and turned over the tomb to the proper authorities.

It is doubtful, we are told, if a previous archeological party "ever suffered such nerve-racking hardships as did the first Tulane expedition." The account continues:

Messrs. Blom and La Farge crossed faint Indian trails over which the feet of white man probably had never trod. They slowly bored their tortuous way through wild jungles, while a squad of Indians cut a swath for them with machetes. They climbed and descended almost perpendicular peaks. They visited tribes of Indians who still use the bow and arrow for weapons, and whom they were warned not to visit "if you want to get out alive." They escaped death by the narrowest of margins a dozen times. And yet, the only weapon they carried was a small .22-caliber special rifle for shooting small birds and other provender.

However impenetrable the jungle and insurmountable the obstacles, the Tulane explorers pushed steadily on, so that at the end of their journey they tabulated the following:

1. Covered 1,250 miles on horseback.
2. Traveled 2,500 miles by water and 1,000 by railroad.
3. Discovered studies and brought back data on twenty-four new cities.
4. Discovered and photographed seventy-three new carved monuments.
5. Brought to light thirty-two new inscriptions, most of them dates.
6. Discovered virtually that the Maya civilization comprised many sub tribes.
7. Filled out many heretofore puzzling gaps in Maya history.
8. Cemented a close friendship between countless Indian villages and Central American Government officials and Tulane University, New Orleans.

Of the explorers themselves, *The Item* says:

Mr. Blom is a young archeologist who is doing

his first work for Tulane. He was formerly a research scientist in the Maya field for the Mexican Government, and more recently with the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He is a native of Denmark. He is well known in the archeological field for his microscopic methods and indefatigable temperament. He has voluminous notes and painstaking drawings and sketches of all his discoveries, which in themselves form one of the most valuable results of the expedition.

Mr. La Farge is a recent graduate of Harvard. He is from New York City and Saunderstown, Rhode Island. He is a grandson of John La Farge, the late American artist. Mr. La Farge, whose specialty is ethnology, has collected an enormous amount of interesting information on the languages, customs and history of the Maya. He will continue his studies with Tata, the native Indian brought to New Orleans by the expedition, during the next fortnight.

It was a difficult country that the explorers traversed, and one abounding in natural wonders. At Tochiba, for instance, a huge limestone wall blocks the Upper Tuliha River, forming a natural bridge, and we are told:

The river, a swift, deep-channeled stream, hurls itself at the obstruction and then, roaring as if in futile rage that it has to divert itself in order to pass, disappears in a strong whirlpool under the wall. At this strategic point the Mayas built one of their most interesting cities.

The explorers searched the ruins. They found, first of all, several plain uncarved monuments and some stone slabs more than twelve feet high in the plaza. None of the finds contained glyphs. On climbing to the top of the main pyramid on which a temple once stood, they discovered that the roof of the 1,500-year-old chamber had fallen in. With painstaking care the archeologists, excited by the possibility of an important discovery, quickly climbed over the ruin in the upper chamber to a less dilapidated lower room. There their fondest hopes were realized.

A collection of exquisite pottery, one of the most beautifully designed and best preserved ever found, lay in full view. Some were without a crack, others were slightly damaged. The pottery contained many paintings done in beautiful color combinations of orange and black. Collecting them, the explorers returned to search the upper chamber.

After clearing away some of the debris from the fallen roof, they were astonished to find another group of pottery, but distinct in type from that in the lower chamber. In this room the clay vessels each were supported on three round feet. Each foot is hollow and contains a small pellet or "rattle." Those in the lower

room stood on raised surfaces like the round rings on the bottom of our modern dinner-plates. The valuable collection was taken to the ranch and deposited there after the broken pieces had been repaired.

Another extremely important discovery was made at the same ruins. While exploring the upper chamber, Mr. Blom picked up a tooth in the loose dirt. Upon close examination, he discovered that the tooth contained a black filling ingeniously inlaid so that after 1,500 years it still formed a part of the tooth without the slightest indication of further decay or deterioration. It was filled in a point, a custom typical of the Maya, who considered it highly beautifying.

"Here is absolute proof that the Maya, without the aid of modern instruments and drugs, was a skilled dentist, 1,500 years ago," Mr. Blom said. "How they did their drilling and anestheticizing is a mystery. They must, however, have possessed some secret drug with which to deaden the pain and to make the inlay last so long without extracting the nerve. Modern dentists tell us it is necessary to extract the nerve for such an operation.—*From the Literary Digest.*

COMPENSATION

For everything that happens wrong

A dozen things go right,

For every tear a flood of song

Rings out across the night.

For every dark and stormy day

A week of days are fair,

However chill the clouds and gray,

'Tis always bright somewhere.

For every heart of bitterness

A host of hearts are light,

For every hour of deep distress

A whole long day is bright.

For every faithless friend we find

That many friends are true.

So, after all, God's mighty kind

To such as me and you.

"A NATION to lead the world must release its imprisoned splendor." Dr. Peabody writes: "That which gives to any country its stability and strength is not the immediate prosperity which it has gained, but the national ideals which pervade its life. Has it any vision of a better future? Does the race of prophets speak to its faith and its conscience? Or is it sunk in self-sufficiency, material prosperity, and self-indulgence, until there is no vision any more? That is the test of a nation's future."

OUR idea of comfortable circumstances would be to have enough to be scared to death about Communism.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE WOOD, AND WHAT
ANGELA FOUND THERE

"Oh, dear," sighed Angela one winter's day, staring disconsolately out of the window into the little larch wood, "how dull everything is out of doors in the winter time!"

"Dull?" echoed Mother, with the surprise in her voice and the twinkle in her eyes which meant, as Angela very well knew, that the world was simply teeming with interesting things, and then, just as she was beginning to explain, she was called away and Angela was left there alone.

She waited and waited, until suddenly a very surprising thing happened. She found herself sitting on the extreme edge of a yellow toadstool, right in the middle of the little larch wood, and pattering along on his hind legs came a little field mouse wiping his brow with a scarlet handkerchief which was not really a handkerchief at all, Angela discovered, as he came nearer, but a large scarlet leaf.

"So sorry I'm late," he squeaked in a high shrill voice.

"Late? What can he mean?" thought Angela. "Why, it's just as if something exciting were going to happen."

"Well, so it is," answered the field mouse, for all the world as if she had spoken aloud; "for I am going to show you what is happening in this dull old wood," and he looked at Angela with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh!" gasped Angela, "did you hear what I thought?"

The field mouse nodded casually, and then scrambled onto the toadstool, and they sank quickly into the earth, past Bunny Bobtail's back door, where they saw Mr. Bunny Bobtail himself washing the sleep from his eyes, until the toadstool stopped with a bump among clusters of queer-looking round and oval objects huddled together and looking very busy and excited.

"These are the bluebell bulbs," said the field mouse. "They've already begun to grow—look at their long white roots, and pale sturdy shoots—and that's why they're looking so pleased and happy. This is a very busy time for the spring bulbs—haven't you noticed how they all die down in the summer and rest until the autumn and winter come?"

"Why, no," said Angela meekly.

"Dear me," muttered the field mouse half to himself, "and just fancy thinking that it's dull out of doors in the winter! Why, even the buds on the trees are interesting, all folded up in their warm winter coverlets, just waiting for the spring to wake them up. And the winter, too, is the time when flowers and trees and animals dream long dreams of the wonderful spring to come."

"Oh!" cried Angela, putting out her hand to pat them, "I am glad that I've seen what really happens in the winter—the spring seems quite near now." And then, before she even had time to thank him, the field mouse suddenly turned into the biggest bluebell bulb she had ever seen, and it said in a voice exactly like her mother's, "Well, you are a sleepy head!"

And she opened her eyes, and found her mother leaning over her.

"And now," said Angela when she had told her all about it, "I shan't ever call the winter a dull time again"—and she never did.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

A SHIP SCRAPBOOK

You may have noticed how many ships are used at present in pictures, books, and decorations. Why don't you make a ship scrapbook so as to keep a record of the many different kinds? How many kinds of ships do you know? What do the boats of other countries look like? Your scrapbook will answer many questions about the size and varieties of boats. Watch the papers and magazines and cut out every ship you see. One day a boy was looking through a newspaper and in a few moments he had found five different pictures of ships.

Divide your scrapbook into sections, and remember to include old-time ships and also historical ships—ships which have a special interest because of the story about them, such as *Old Ironsides*, and the *Mayflower*.

This ship book would be even more interesting if you also pasted into it some poems or short stories about ships. Many famous poets have written poems about the building of a ship, or woven a story about some vessel. Keep an account on one page of every poem or article you find which is about a ship. If you continue with this ship book, you will have not only an interesting collection of pictures, but also a book which may prove of use to you later in your school work, for your scrapbook will be a record connected with history, geography, commerce, and literature.—*Selected*.

"UPPER or lower?" asked the pullman agent.

"What's the difference?"

"The lower is higher than the upper. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher, but the higher price is for the lower, and if you want to go lower you go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower, that is the higher the lower. Some don't like the upper, though it's lower because higher. When you have an upper you have to get up to lie down and get down to get up."

THE GREATEST FORCE

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, who was unanimously recognized by the General Electric Company and other great similar organizations as the world's foremost electrical engineer, was once visiting my home.

While talking over with him prospective future inventions in connection with radio, aeronautics, power transmission, etc., I asked him, "What line of research will see the greatest development during the next fifty years?" After careful thought he replied:

"Mr. Babson, I think the greatest discovery will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history.

"Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and

powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been guessed at. When that day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has seen in the past four."—*Roger W. Babson, in Forbes Magazine.*"

The respondent was being examined in lunacy proceedings.

"Who was our first President?" asked his counsel.

"Washington."

"Correct. Who was our second President?"

"John Adams."

"Correct."

Then there was a pause.

"He's doing well," whispered a friend of the lawyer. "Why don't you keep on?"

"I ain't sure who was the third President myself."

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The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

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